

Dol. Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.

Cesar. Brauest at the last,
She leuell'd at our purposes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1. Guard. A simple Countryman, that broght his Figs:
This was his Basket.

Cesar. Poyson'd then.

1. Guard. Oh *Cesar*:
This *Charmian* liu'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming vp the Diadem;
On her dead Mistresse tremblingly she stood,
And on the sodaine drop.

Cesar. Oh Noble weakensse:
If they had swallow'd poyson, 'twould appeare
By externall swelling: but she lookes like sleepe,
As she would catch another *Anthony*
In her strong toyle of Grace.

Dol. Heere on her brest,
There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme.

1. Guard. This is an Aspickes traile,
And these Figge-leaues haue slime vpon them, such
As th' Aspickes leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.

Cesar. Most probable

That to she dyed: for her Physitian tels mee
She hath purtu'de Conclusions infinite
Of easie wayes to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her *Anthony*.
No Graue vpon the earth shall clip in it.
A payre so famous: high euent as these
Strike those that make them: and their Story is
No lesse in pitty, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemne shew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, see
High Order, in this great Sollemnity. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.



THE TRAG CYMBEL

Actus Primus. Scœna

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent.

On do not meet a man but Frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtiers:
Still seeme, as do's the Kings.

2. Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wifes sole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath refus'd her selfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2. None but the King?

1. He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,
That most desir'd the March. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowle at.

2. And why so?

1. He that hath mis'd the Princeesse, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her, a lacke good man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and such stufte Within
Endowes a man, but hee.

2. You speake him faire.

1. I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then vnfold
His measure duly.

2. What's his name, and Birth?

1. I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did ioyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with *Cassibulan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantis*, whom
He seru'd with Glory, and admir'd Successes:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.

And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit being; and his gentle Lady

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